

The Tantric Testing of Triss's Tenuous Temper

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The Tantric Testing of Triss's Tenuous Temper

by [KaedweniTome](#)

Summary

Triss is the healer for Kaer Morhen, and she has treated many injuries in that time, most acquired in training. But Witchers being the ridiculous creatures that they are, some were acquired in various ill-conceived undertakings, and a disproportionate number of those were acquired in bed.

- Inspired by [Like Stones in a Running Stream](#) by [inexplicifcs](#)

The pair of Cranes are blushing and limping as they enter her workroom. That is never a good sign. Triss reinforces her mental shields, but they are projecting so strongly at the same time that she can't avoid catching a glimpse.

"Wow." The taller of the Cranes holds the large phallic object with both hands. Triss hopes, probably in vain, that the memory exaggerates the size of it. "It turned out even better than expected."

"Definitely." The shorter Crane agrees.

They both stare at it for a long moment, until the first Crane says, "Too bad it won't fit."

"It is a shame. We'd have to be crazy to even try."

"Yeah."

Triss finally manages to yank herself from the memory, and sighs. "I hope you realize what you did wrong, and I don't need to explain it?"

A pair of nods are her reply.

"And you won't do it again?"

The nods that meet that statement are unconvincing.

When Lambert slams her door open, Triss shoots to her feet, ready for any emergency. Lambert's nose is bloody and broken, and if they sent him, the others must be injured worse. "Who's hurt?" she snaps, grabbing her work bag and preparing to leave.

"Er... just me."

"What." She glares at him. A broken nose isn't even slightly an emergency for a *human*.

"Wanted to make sure it set straight."

"And the *rush*?" Triss hisses.

Lambert gazes into the distance, and a memory suddenly overwhelms Triss's shields.

"Lock the door," Milena calls from the bedroom.

Nobody would come in without permission, and Milena has never cared before, but Lambert still does as she asked. When he turns around...

Lambert was in the courtyard when the tribute wagon arrived. He had a good laugh with Aiden, wondering what kind of brothel they thought Kaer Morhen was. He was entirely sure

that the cloth-sparse silks wouldn't see any use. It hadn't even occurred to him to imagine what Milena would look like in them.

She looks...

Triss finds herself thrown back into the present when Lambert's vision goes black in the memory. Lambert is rubbing the back of his neck in her doorway. "Er, the rush is because, it's not a fucking *emergency*, exactly, but Milena's waiting, and-"

"Enough." Normally, Triss would tell her patient what to do differently. In this case, she would have to wait until her morning bath and gossip session, to warn Milena to add 'sit down' to 'lock the door' before surprising her lover like that.

A blur sweeps into Triss's workroom, which resolves into Geralt carrying Jaskier only when he stops to set the bard onto the bed. Jaskier is clearly unconscious, despite the smile that refuses to leave his lips.

Triss sweeps a magic probe over him before Geralt can speak. If she gives him the chance to talk, he'll work himself into a frenzy, coming up with increasingly unlikely and deadly scenarios, especially when it's probably just... yep, muscle fatigue and overall exhaustion.

"Looks like a classic case of Floppy Bard Syndrome," Triss declares. "You should know the procedure by now." She raises an expectant, inquisitive eyebrow at Geralt, who nods sheepishly.

"Make sure he rests."

"And?"

"And no more sex until he's better."

"Not even if he begs you for it," Triss says, and then frowns when she sees him hesitate. "Geralt. When a human says, 'more, more,' sometimes you have to say 'no'."

"But he wanted it."

"But he couldn't take more."

"But I always give my songbird what he wants."

"I will sic Eskel on you to make sure you and the bard behave." Her eyes narrow when that threat has no visible impact. "I will sic *Livi* on you if that's what it takes."

Geralt droops. "If he asks for more, I'll say no."

"Good."

Bricriu of the Manticores, moving very, very gingerly with the tiniest possible steps, enters Triss's workroom, with his lover Aleks following just behind him. Triss stands, only to collapse back into her chair as her nose is assaulted by the overpowering scent of the Manticores' spices. After several hurried spells to completely shut down her senses of smell and taste, and then another one to protect her eyes, she finally glares at the pair of miscreants standing before her.

"What did you *do*?"

"It should have worked," Bricriu protests, even as he awkwardly shifts in place. "Once you get used to it, it barely burns anymore. We've both been having it for years, and we'd run out of the usual oil..."

Aleks nods vigorously and takes over the narrative. "And our spice has high oil content, and it would have tasted great—"

"Stop." Triss pinches the bridge of her nose, only to quickly cast the spells again when that disrupts the protection on her eyes. "Yes, your *taste buds* have adjusted to the burn, but I shouldn't have to tell you this. Listen closely, because I'm not going to repeat myself. Your tongue. Is not. Your anus."

Triss rubs her eyes, but the image doesn't change. That's Livi lending a shoulder to Dragonfly, and not the other way around. The reason why quickly becomes obvious, Dragonfly is tied up. One leg is bound so the knee bent, forcing her to hop, her arms are behind her back, and Triss can see more ropes under her haphazardly donned clothing.

"Help?" Livi asks plaintively, blushing even harder than she did the first day Triss met her in the baths.

"Didn't realize there was arachas silk in the ropes," Dragonfly says, entirely unembarrassed by the situation. "Can't cut it with any of my daggers."

Triss moves to inspect the rope around her leg and prods experimentally at a knot.

"Those aren't coming undone," Dragonfly says. "I may have tried to snap the ropes before realizing they weren't breaking."

Triss nods and starts hunting through her potions for a rarely-needed solvent, but for some reason Dragonfly decides to continue. "Not that it was much looser before that, it's more fun to struggle."

"Dragonfly!" Livi hisses, hiding her face behind her hands.

"She's the healer, you don't hide things from your healer."

"That's true," Triss says. "But I have enough information, I assure you. *More* than enough."

"You don't need to know how—"

“No!” Triss and Livi say at the same time.

“Fine. But you *did* look lovely in leather.”

A pair of Cats come through Triss’s door, one bearing the other in a princess carry. Both are wearing flour sacks over their heads in a makeshift attempt to hide their identities, though since the carrier has *Lelte* stitched onto the hem of his tunic, that would make the injured one his lover, Joël.

“Sex injury?” Triss asks.

“No.” They both say at the time.

Triss raises an eyebrow. “So the bags you’re wearing aren’t to hide your faces and avoid embarrassing questions?”

“Not at all,” Lelte lies.

“What a ridiculous insinuation,” Joël agrees from his lover’s arms, also lying.

Triss sighs and reaches out with her magic to discover the issue, and is not surprised when a strong memory from both of them breaks through her shields.

It takes Triss a moment to place the location, having never seen the Great Hall from atop the rafters.

“It’s my fault, I did tell you harder,” Joël says, very carefully not moving at all. It wouldn’t do to jostle it.

“I’m still sorry,” Lelte says, testing a knot where he made a loop in a rope, to help Joël down from the rafter. “I thought the wood was smoother.”

“Fucking splinters.”

“Fucking splinters.”

Triss sighs again as she forces away the memory. “And how, exactly, did you get splinters in your prick if not with inadvisable sex?”

“Cat business,” they chorus.

The very last couple Triss expects to limp through her door are Yen and Ealdred. He looks sheepish and bruised, while Yen radiates smugness and soreness in equal measure, and they support each other to walk.

“What happened?” Triss says cautiously. “And no, *Yen*, I don’t need to see—”

“It was amazing,” Yen declares. “He was even better than I hoped, have a look.”

Yen is sitting on Ealdred’s face. “Lift me.” The ceiling is not high enough, and Ealdred panics when her head hits the stone. They fall to the bed in a tangle of limbs, his elbow in her gut, her knee into his cheek.

They check each other over, and decide they’re fine to continue. Triss recognizes the pain-blocking spell Yen surreptitiously cast on herself. She assumes Ealdred is just a Witcher about ignoring pain.

They decide to be less adventurous. But Yen’s bed is not the standard type at Kaer Morhen, it’s a silken monstrosity from Zerrikania. It’s sinfully comfortable, but not structurally up to a Witcher’s strength. The bed breaks. Their foreheads slam together. Yen is squashed between a wall of muscle and the floor with insufficient mattress to cushion her.

The protective charms she never dispels don’t like that, and blast Ealdred into the ceiling. Gravity takes over, and he falls back onto Yen.

“I *don’t* need to see it,” Triss repeats, shoving away the memory. “I have scanning spells to find injuries.”

Yen continues as if she didn’t hear, while Ealdred can’t keep a fond smile off his lips. “It was *perfect*, the whole room is a disaster, I’m going to have to replace *everything*, and—”

“You need to sleep this off,” Triss says, and summons Chaos.

Yen finally pauses and peers at Triss. “Wait a moment, that was a lie—”

Triss stuns her and points at Ealdred. “How about you? Do you need to sleep it off, or will you tell me where it hurts? *Only* tell me where it hurts, and no other details?”

“I’ll behave.” His gaze goes distant and he smiles again. “Unlike Yen last—”

Triss stuns him too.

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